

DARK JUDGES IN CRASH DORM 2!

PROG 423

22 JUNE 85

51.45 Malaysia
65c Australia
65c New Zealand
88c Mercury
210g Venus
65g Mars
10g Asteroid Belt
110g Saturn
10g Neptune
2g Pluto

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

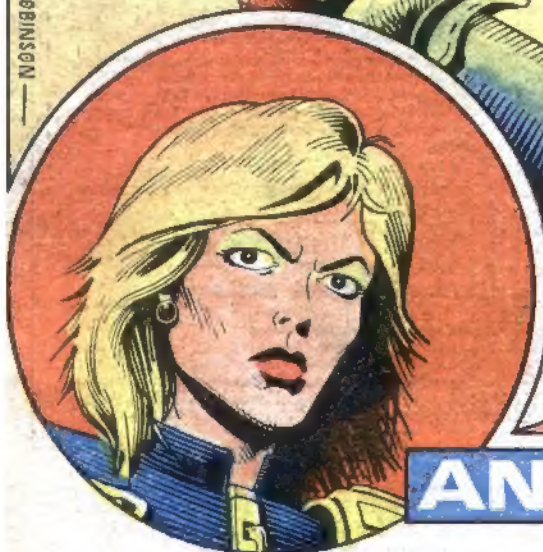
2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

SSSSLEEP
FOREVER!

FIRE

CLIFF ROBINSON



ANDERSON'S NIGHTMARE!

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

I, Tharg the Modest, do hereby declare Friday June 21st 1985 to be an inter-galactic holiday, in honour of the birthday of the mightiest alien editor the cosmos has ever known: to wit, me. The Command Module has already been inundated with birthday cards, and even now my droids are busy opening the mountain of parcels I have been sent, bearing gifts of flowers, jewellery, incense, plastic cups and the like. However, we do things differently where I come from. In Betelgeuse, the custom on your birthday is not to receive presents, but to give them. So, Earthlets...happy birthday! I hope you all enjoy my present: this thrill-powered prog!
SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG



GERIATRIC INFANTRYMAN



Drawn by Earthlet Gary Dodd,
South Wirral. £10 Winner.

THARG'S ANSWERING SERVICE

Borag Thungg, Tharg,

I've been reading your zarjaz publication on and off for eight years now, and the ultimate has finally arrived - Psi Judge Anderson's very own adventure! I have a few questions I'd like answered if at all possible: 1/ Is it healthy to fall in love with a character from a comic? 2/ What is Anderson's first name? 3/ How old is she? 4/ When is her birthday? 5/ Will she marry me?

From very curious Earthlet Pete Melton,
Lincoln. £5 Winner.

1/ No. 2/ Cassandra. 3/ Classified.
4/ Classified. 5/ I doubt it.

PSYCHO KILLER

Dear Tharg,

I would be grateful if you would tell me whether the picture in the psychosphere (*Slime*: Prog 416) is of an American serviceman shooting a Viet Cong prisoner, or, as my brother says, of Jack Ruby slaying Lee Harvey Oswald.

From Earthlet Daniel Bush, Leeds. £5 Winner.

The infamous scan in question depicts the execution of a Viet Cong prisoner, Terran, although the droids in the Command Module believe the executioner was South Vietnamese, not American.

STARS AND STRIPS

Dear Tharg,

Could you please tell me if there are any plans to produce a book reprinting the *Judge Dredd* strip cartoon from the Daily Star newspaper? I'm sure this would be very popular, as many people will have missed them the first time round. Can you also tell me how long the strip has been running in the Star?

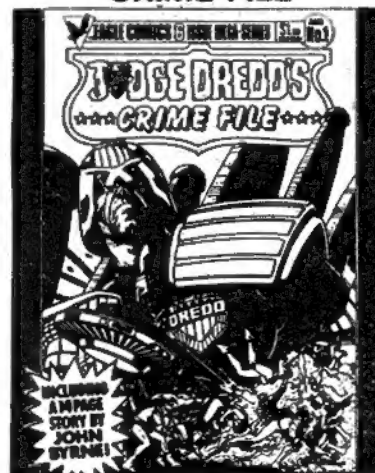
From Earthlet Glenn Little, Cambridge.
£5 Winner.

The Dredd strip started in the Daily Star

in August 1981 (Earth time). By an amazing coincidence, a selection of some of the best strips from the paper goes on sale ~~any~~ **any** minute now! I have programmed more details about **THE JUDGE DREDD COLLECTION** elsewhere in this prog.

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CRIME FILE



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VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: **THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.**

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... **423**

DAWN IN MEGA-CITY ONE. IN THEIR BLOCKS THE CITIZENS SLUMBER ON, MANY OF THEM BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE **TERROR** THAT HAS RETURNED TO PREY ON THEIR CITY.

IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE **CRASH DORMS** A FEW JUDGES CATCH UP ON THEIR MANDATORY 6 HOURS' NATURAL SLEEP PER WEEK.

THIS TIME, THEY WILL FAR EXCEED THEIR "REGULATION 6" —

DEATH
MINUTE



ANDERSON **PSI** DIVISION

SSSSLEEP FOREVER, LAWBREAKER!
YOU ARE PURGGGED!

BUT IN THE TEK-LABS, PSI JUDGE ANDERSON
SENSES THE DARK JUDGES' ARRIVAL -

THEY'RE HERE!

I NEED THAT
DIMENSION
JUMP, JORDY!
GIVE!

I CAN'T GIVE IT TO YOU,
ANDERSON! YOU'RE
UNDER SUSPENSION!

I'D LOVE TO DEBATE THE
ISSUE WITH YOU, PAL, BUT
SOME OTHER TIME, HUH?

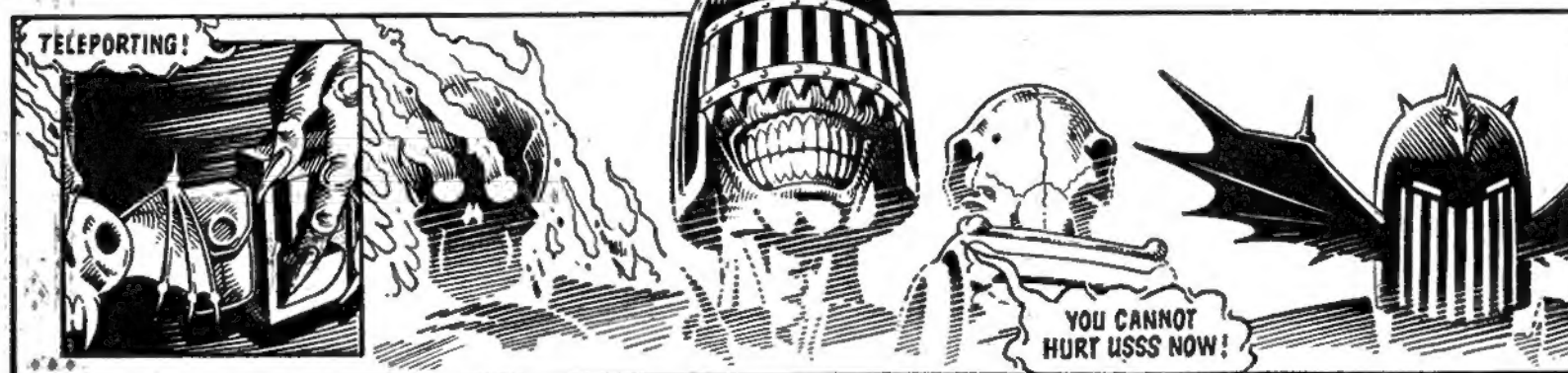
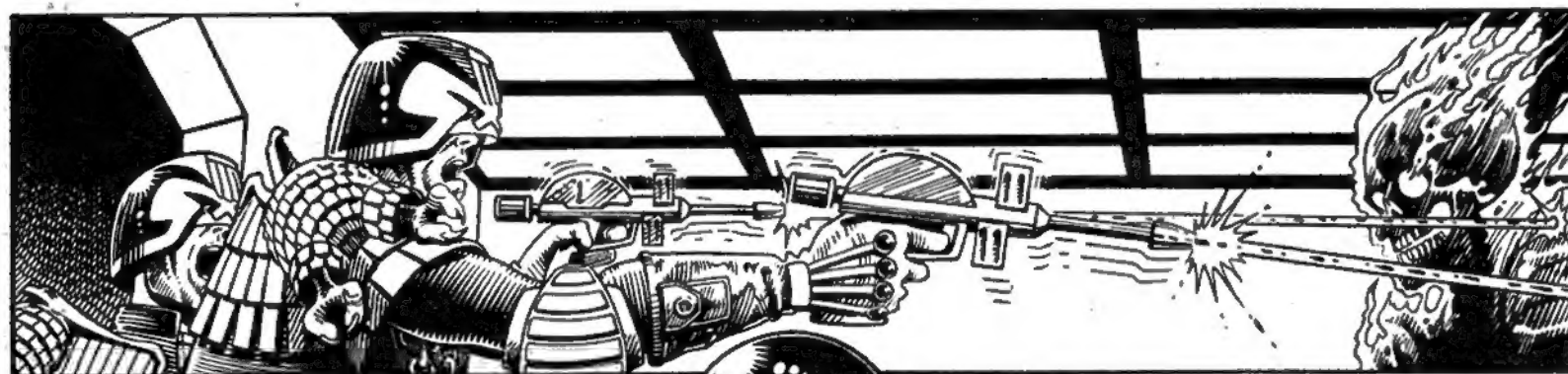
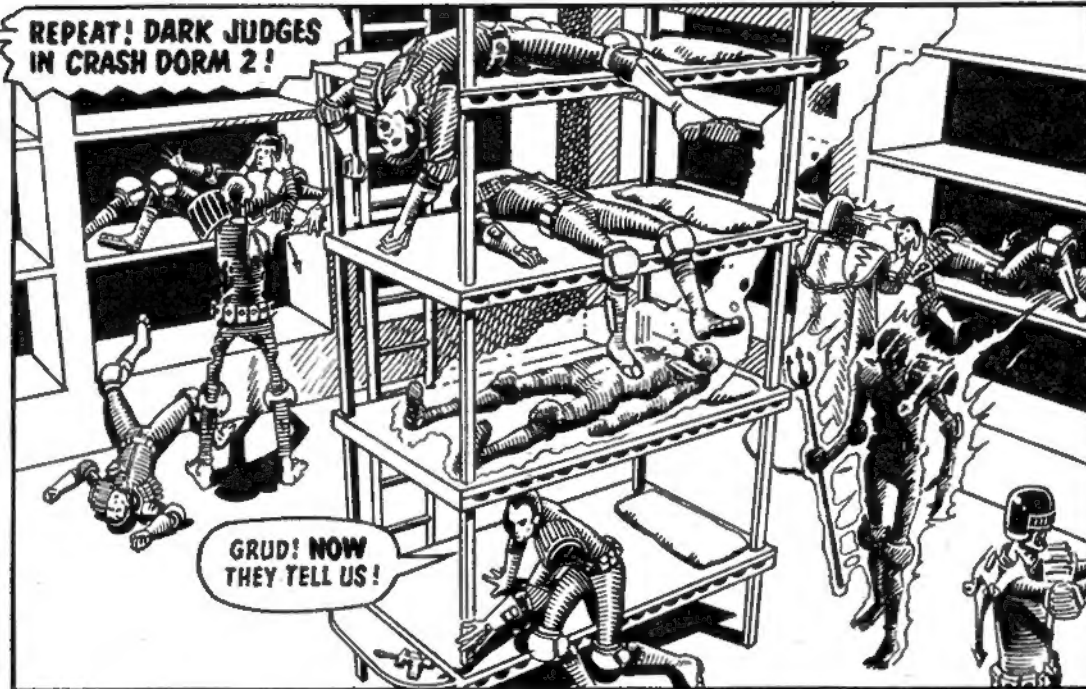
UUUUH!

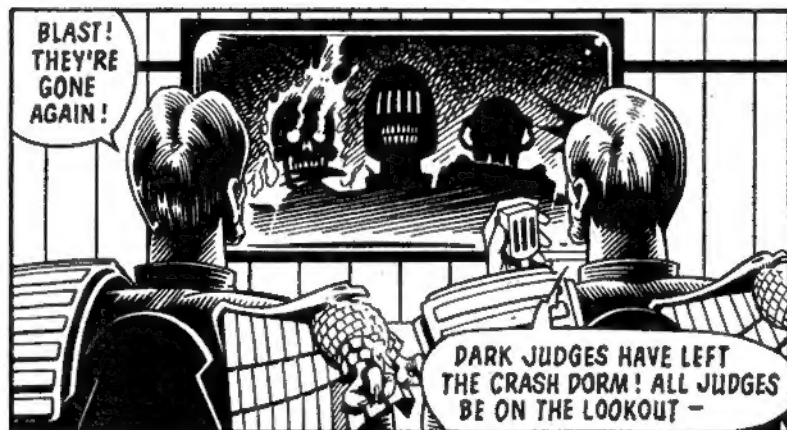
SECURITY!
DEATH AND HIS
CREEPY CRONIES
ARE HERE - IN THE
CRASH DORMS!

WHAAAAT?

DROKK!
IT'S TRUE!

INTRUDER
ALERT
GAAAAA!





ANDERSON PAUSES IN HER
HEADLONG DASH -

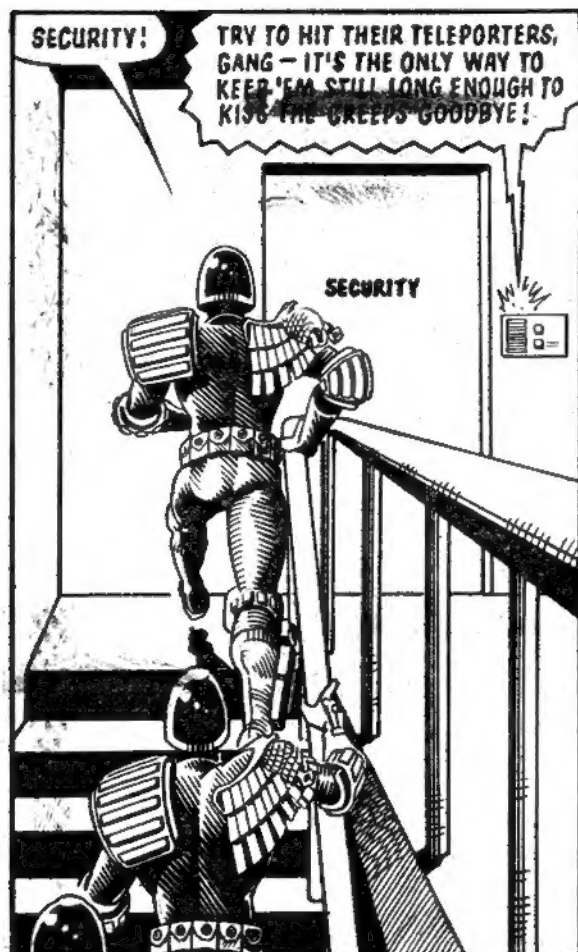
SECURITY! TELL
EVERYONE TO AIM
FOR THE DARK
CREEPS'
WEAPONS
BELTS!



THEN, SUDDENLY, THE
TELEPATH'S SENSES
BRISTLE -

DEATH!



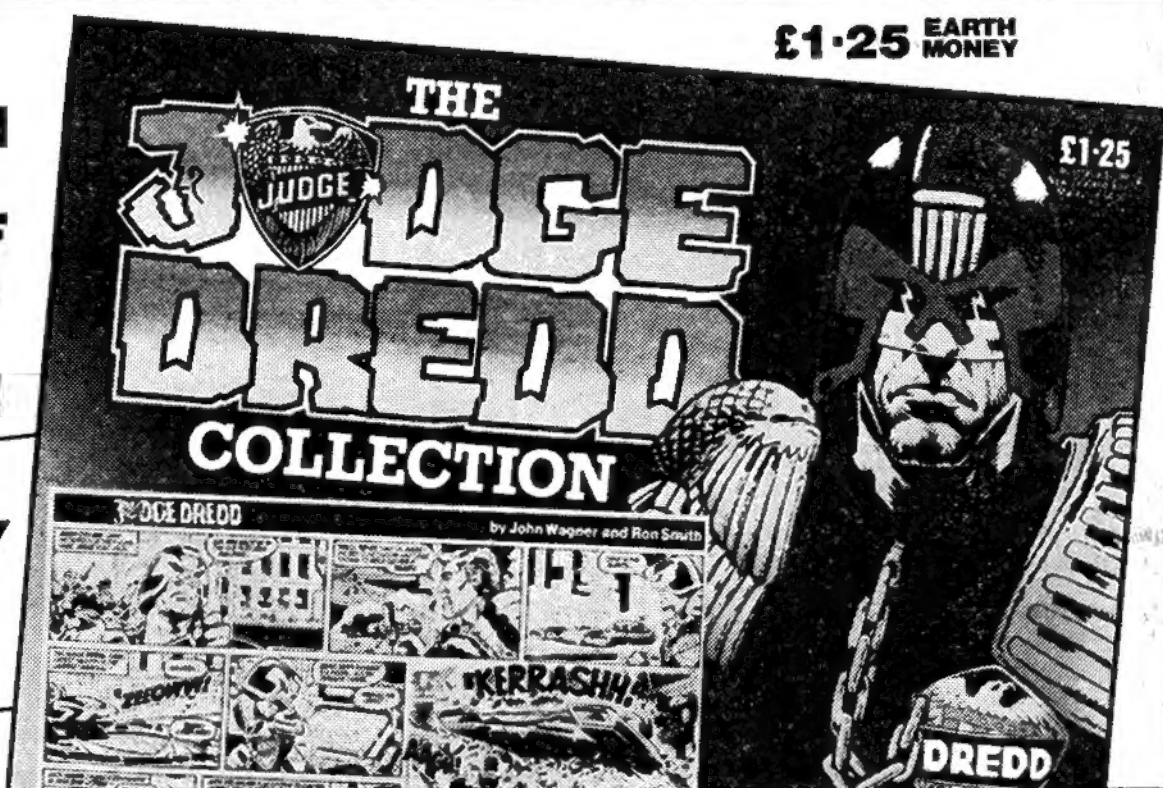


I JUDGE THIS TO BE THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!

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THE STRIPS
FROM THE
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STAR SHADOW

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ADVENTURE

ART: TIM SELL STORY: GRAEME MORRIS

the keep of the frost giant

THOSE WHOM FATE FLINGS TOGETHER MAY ALL TOO EASILY BE CAST ASUNDER. SO IT IS WITH MORWYN STARBROW AND MATT GREYSHADOW, FOR WHILE SHE STANDS ALONE IN THE BATTLE-TORN RUINS OF BJORNSTJELL, HE IS ALREADY FAR AWAY-A PRISONER OF THE ICE-GOBLIN RAIDERS-BOUND FOR THE FABLED KEEP OF ICE.

DAWN, MORWYN TREKS AWAY FROM THE SMOULDERING VILLAGE FOLLOWING THE TRACK OF MATT'S CAPTORS

IT IS NEAR DUSK WHEN SHE COMES TO THE MOUTH OF AN ICY MOUNTAIN VALLEY



TRULY MATT, YOU MUST FOREVER TRAPT THE FATES WITH YOUR CARELESSNESS...

MEANWHILE IN A CELL DEEP BENEATH THE KEEP



TYPICAL MORWYN JUST WHEN YOU NEED HER...

THE HALFLING TAKES MATTERS INTO HIS OWN HANDS



TYPICAL GOBLINS, THEIR LOCKS ARE AS EASY TO CRACK AS THEIR SLEEPY HEADS

... AND LOOKS FOR A WAY OUT

FOR MORWYN, A LITTLE MAGIC...



... HAS HER INSIDE AND SEARCHING FOR MATT

THE HEROES' RANDOM PATHS MEET AT THE FROST GIANTS' HALL WHERE THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY OL' ICYBREEKS HIMSELF



MATT YOU'RE ALIVE!

NATURALLY... JUST LOOK AT THAT GEM!

BUT LOOK WHAT'S IN FRONT OF IT!

THE GIANTS' FINAL BLOW...



... HURLS MATT AGAINST THE THRONE

JARRING THE GEM FREE...



SO IT TAKES MORE THAN A FROST GIANT TO CRACK A HALFLING'S SKULL!

YES, BUT IT WILL TAKE ALL THE WINE THIS BEAUTY CAN BUY TO CURE MY HEADACHE!

THE END

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TOY AND HOBBY SHOPS



SLÁINE AND MURDACH HAVE RETURNED TO RESCUE THE LIGHT EL, FLUKE, FROM THE HIDEOUS ORGOTS—ORGANIC ROBOTS, SERVANTS OF THE CYTHRONS...

Slaine



SLÁINE FEELS NO PAIN! PERHAPS HE REALLY IS ONE OF OUR ANCIENT GODS—THE TRIBES OF THE EARTH GODDESS DANU...

...WHO OUR MONKS FORBADE US TO WORSHIP ON PAIN OF ETERNAL DAMNATION!



SCRIPT: PAT MILES
ART: DAVID PUGH
LETTERING: STEVE POTTER

FOOD! COME ON—LET'S CELEBRATE OUR VICTORY. YOU FOUGHT WELL, MURDACH!

DON'T PATRONISE ME, SLÁINE! YOU KNOW YOU FOUGHT BETTER. WELL, I'M NOT THE SORT THAT PLAYS SECOND FIDDLE TO ANY MAN!

A MAN WHO SAVED YOUR PEOPLE. REMEMBER?

AND COST ME MY SOUL! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'VE DONE? I, SON OF BRIAN BORU—THE HOLIEST KING IN CHRISTENDOM—HAVE MADE A PACT WITH PAGAN GODS!

AM I CURSED FOR ALL TIME FOR CALLING ON THEM?

GARRKK!



MEANWHILE...

SO DID THE CYTHRONS CREATE MACROBES, MYRDDIN?

NO, UKKO. THE LIGHT ELS AND DARK ELS ARE PART OF LIFE. THE CYTHRONS DISCOVERED THEM WHEN THEY TUNNELLED THROUGH TIME.

NORMALLY, THE LIGHT ELS KEEP THE DARK ELS IN CHECK. BUT SOMETIMES, A DARK EL GOES OUT OF CONTROL AND SPREADS EVIL LIKE A MALIGNANT DISEASE.

THAT IS WHY ELFRIC WAS SO DANGEROUS. FOR, JUST AS MICROBES CAN DESTROY A MAN, SO MACROBES CAN DESTROY A WORLD!

ELFRIC CAN'T HELP HIMSELF... ONLY HUMAN BEINGS HAVE FREE WILL AND CAN BE SAVED.

AND DWARVES! WE'RE ALL RIGHT, AREN'T WE? WE CAN BE SAVED, TOO?

ER... LOOK—WE'RE APPROACHING THE CYTHRONS' FARMS.

OH, JOTH!

AND THERE'S THE GREAT TIME WORM, CROM CRUACH!

I LEARNT ABOUT CYTHRONS AT COLLEGE, BUT NOTHING OF ALL THIS!

BECAUSE WE HAD TO HIDE THE EXTENT OF THE CYTHRONS' EVIL.

BUT NOW I MUST ASK YOU ALL TO PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR THE SHOCKING TRUTH...

BECAUSE THE KNOWLEDGE I AM ABOUT TO REVEAL HAS TURNED SANE MEN INTO GIBBERING LUNATICS!



AT THAT MOMENT...

WHY ARE YOU
LANDING AGAIN,
PLUKE?

I CAN
SENSE CYTHRONS
NEARBY!

D'YOU SEE
WHAT I SEE?

AYE...
UNIFORMS! COULD
COME IN USEFUL...

IT'S NICE
TO RELAX...
WASH THE
DIRT OF THE
LIVESTOCK
OFF YOU...

YES. DID YOU SEE
THE STATE OF THE BARN
TODAY? SOMETIMES I
THINK THE ORGOTS NEVER
DO ANY WORK.

MMM... AND YOU
DON'T KNOW WHEN
THE LIVESTOCK
HAVE COME FROM.

I KNOW WHEN
THEY'RE GOING,
THOUGH! GA! GA!
GA! GA! GA!

GRESSIL!
LOOK!

WHAT ARE
YOU ANIMALS
DOING OUT
OF YOUR
PENS?

GET BACK
THERE! GO ON!
AND WE'LL
PRETEND WE
DIDN'T SEE
YOU!

ALL RIGHT—
IF THAT'S
THE WAY YOU
WANT IT!



NEXT PROB: **THE GULEDIC?**

YOUR NAME IS AVENGER! NINJA WARRIOR! MASTER OF THE MARTIAL ARTS! TRAINED IN THE WAY OF THE TIGER!...

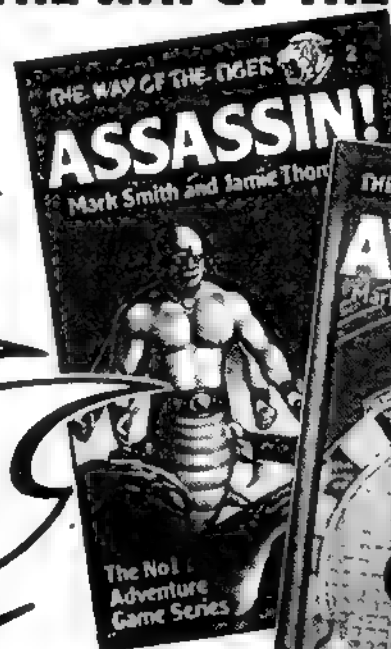


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IN HIS OWN MEGA-PAGE
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THE COUNTRYSIDE!

**ALSO
STARRING**

**ROGUE TROOPER
RO-BUSTERS**

PLUS

**STRONTIUM DOG &
HALO JONES** IN COLOUR!

Directed by The Mighty Tharg
Produced by The Mighty Tharg
Based on an idea by The Mighty Tharg

CERTIFICATE T-P

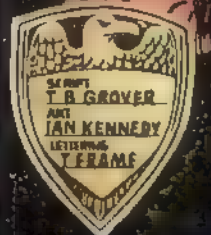




MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY AGO THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY ELECTED THE JUDGES TO BE OUR GUARDIANS - OR SO THEY TELL US...

BUT THE TRUTH IS, THE JUDGES ELECTED THEMSELVES!

SPEAKE SQUARE



JUDGE DREDD



AND FAR FROM BEING OUR GUARDIANS, THEY ARE - AND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN - OUR JAILERS!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE SUBVERSION TO ME, DREDD!

JUST A CITIZEN LETTING OFF STEAM, SLEEVEVER. HIS LEGAL RIGHT, 'LONG AS HE DOESN'T STRAY OUT OF THE SQUARE.

WELL I SAY THE CREEP'S GOT A BIG MOUTH! TIME IT WAS SHUT!



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, DIRTWAD!

OOF!



EVERY DAY I RISK MY LIFE TRYING TO MAKE THE STREETS SAFE FOR CREEPS LIKE YOU! AND DO YOU APPRECIATE IT? NO!

BUT MAYBE YOU'LL APPRECIATE SOME OF THIS - STRAIGHTEN YOUR BRAIN OUT A BIT!

AM I GETTING THROUGH TO YOU, CITIZEN?

UU RGH!



THAT'S AS MUCH AS I WANT TO SEE, SLEEVEVER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



ARREST? FOR TEACHING THIS LITTLE WHINER A LESSON IN CITIZENSHIP? IT'S WHAT HE NEEDS - WHAT THEY ALL NEED!

YOU CAN ARGUE THAT OUT WITH THE SHRINK, SLEEVER. YOU'VE CRACKED. HAND OVER YOUR LAWGIVER.

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S CRACKED, DREDD - YOU AND ALL THE OTHERS WHO'VE BEEN PUSSYFOOTING AROUND WITH THESE WORMS!

NO WAY I'M SUBMITTING TO ARREST! I'M RESUMING PATROL - WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!



BIKE TO ME!

UUNNGH!



DREDD TO CONTROL!
EMERGENCY!
99 RED!

CODE 99 RED - JUDGE AMOK -
CALLS FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION.

SLEEVER
LAST SEEN HEADING
WEST ON KAFKA!

MULLER -
RESPONDING!

FLINT -
RESPONDING!

BONANO -
RESPONDING!



THEY'LL BE COMING AFTER HIM.
SLEEPER KNOWS THAT.

A FLEETING URGE
TO TURN HIMSELF
IN FLASHES
THROUGH HIS
MIND.



BUT WHY SHOULD HE? HE'S
DONE NOTHING WRONG.

NO. IT WAS THEY WHO WERE WRONG.
THEY'D BEEN GOING SOFT ON THE
CITIZENS FOR FAR TOO LONG.



CITIZENS! NOT ONE OF THEM TO BE
TRUSTED! EVERY ONE GUILTY -
HIDING THEIR OWN DIRTY LITTLE
SECRETS, TRYING TO MAKE A FOOL
OF THE LAW.

BUT NO MORE!

YOU-C'MERE!



WHAT'S YOUR GAME,
CREEP? PLANNING A HEIST.
WERE YOU? A LITTLE
SMASH AND
GRAB?

I-I WAS JUST
WINDOW-SHOPPING,
SIR...!



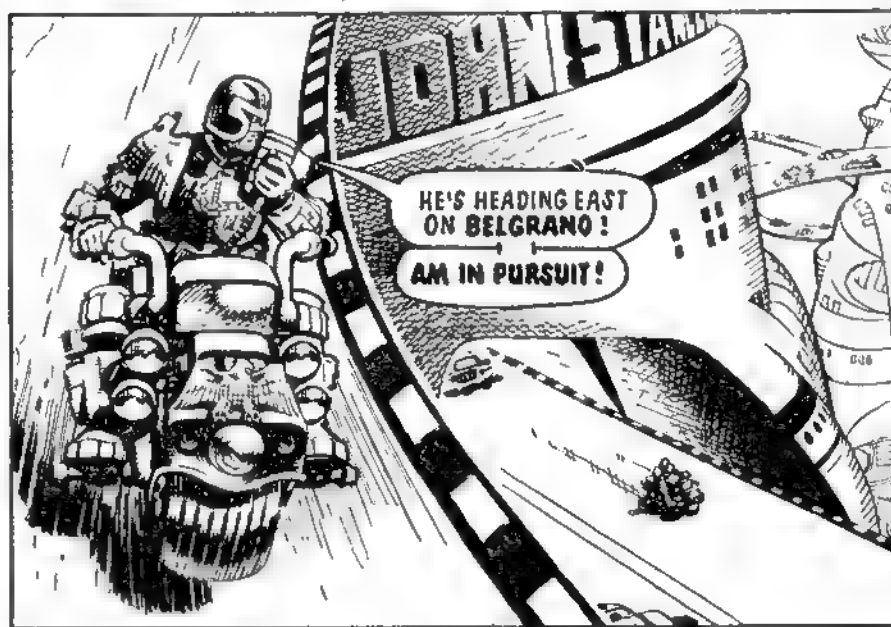
LIAR!

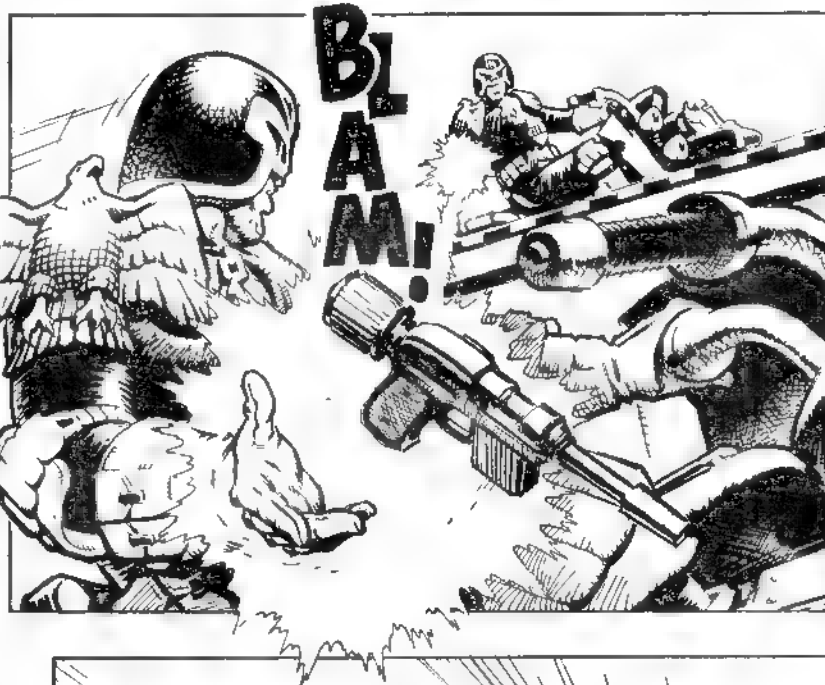
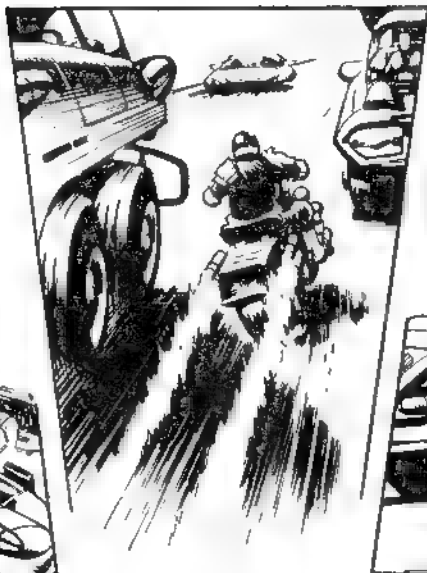


THE SAME GOES FOR ALL OF YOU!
YOU'RE ALL GUILTY!

UP AGAINST
THE WALL! THERE'S NO ONE
LEAVING TILL I'VE GOT A
FULL CONFESSION!









EVEN WITH THE MOST EFFECTIVE TRAINING IN THE WORLD, THE STRESSES OF THE STREETS CAN CAUSE A JUDGE TO CRACK. WHEN THAT HAPPENS, 22ND CENTURY PSYCHO TECHNOLOGY SWINGS INTO ACTION.



SLEEVEY MAY NEVER RECOVER. BUT WITH LUCK - AND CAREFUL LASER SURGERY - SLEEVEY COULD BE BACK ON THE STREETS WITHIN DAYS.



TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IS TOO VALUABLE TO THROW AWAY.

YOU DIRTY RATS!
YOU'RE ALL GUILTY!
I'LL BE BACK!
I'LL GET YOU!



NEXT PROG. THE MIDNIGHT SURFER!

A RUINED TEMPLE ON THE PLANET HORST, WHERE ROGUE TROOPER CONSIDERS HIS NEXT MOVE IN THE SEARCH FOR THE ANTIGEN THAT CAN REGENE HIS BIOCHIPPED BUDDIES...

FACE IT, ROGUE—YOU'VE NO IDEA WHERE TO LOOK! YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHICH ZONE THE ANTIGEN'S IN!

ROGUE TROOPER

ALL WE DO KNOW IS THAT HORST IS CRAWLING WITH NORTY ALIEN ALLIES... AND EACH RACE IS WEIRDER THAN THE LAST.

THEY'VE GOT ONE THING IN COMMON, BAGMAN... THEY ONLY SCREAM ONCE WHEN I'M IN ACTION!

THEN GRAB YOUR AUTO-TRIGGER, GUNNAR—I JUST EYEBALLED SOME MORE OF THEM... ON THE TRAIL BELOW!

NORT INSIGNIA ON THEIR UNIFORMS. YOU'RE RIGHT, HELM... AND THEY'VE GOT PRISONERS...

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
G. FINLEY-DAY
ART ROBOT
JOSE ORTIZ
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73



THE ALIENS
WHO WERE
ALLIED TO
THE SOUTH!

GUESS THEY
DIDN'T STAND A
CHANCE WHEN
MILLI-COM
ABANDONED
HORST. LOOKS
LIKE THEY'RE
BEING MARCHED
TO A P.O.W.
CAMP.



AND THOSE
GUARDS ARE
THE SAME SUB-
SPECIES WE
MET BEFORE—
REAL
PSYCHOS!



HEY! WHAT'S
GOING ON?



MAZKA! TRASKANAL!

BUDDA

AIEEEEEEE!

BUDDA



THE SOUTHER
BOYS COULDN'T
KEEP UP— SO
THEY CUT THEM
DOWN IN COLD
BLOOD!

MURDERING
FILTH! I'LL TEACH
THEM TO—!



NO, ROGUE! WE
CAN'T GET INVOLVED!

WE'VE GOT
OUR OWN
MISSION TO
WORRY ABOUT—
YOU JUST
EYEBALL THEM,
OKAY?



HELL!
NOW ONE
OF THEM'S
MAKING A
BREAK
FOR IT!



SLAVACHANA!



AAAAAH!

PHEW!
THOUGHT
HE WAS
GOING TO
LEAD THEM
RIGHT
TO US!





PLANET BURRITO'S NOTORIOUS 49TH TERRITORY, WHERE STRONTIUM DOG JOHNNY ALPHA HAS TRACKED DOWN GALACTIC CRIMINAL XEN THE BRAIN-WRAITH TO A BADLANDS MINE. BUT NOW DARKUS AND HIS HOWLERS TRY TO MUSCLE IN ON THE 6,000,000 CREDIT REWARD

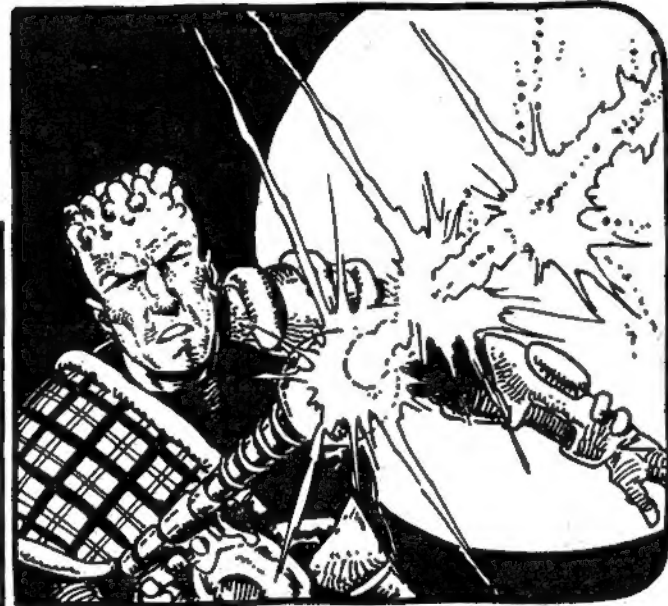


Strontium Dog

2000AD
Credit Card
SCRIPT: ROBERT
ALAN GRANT
ART: ROBERT
CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING: ROBERT
GORDON ROBSON
COMPU-73





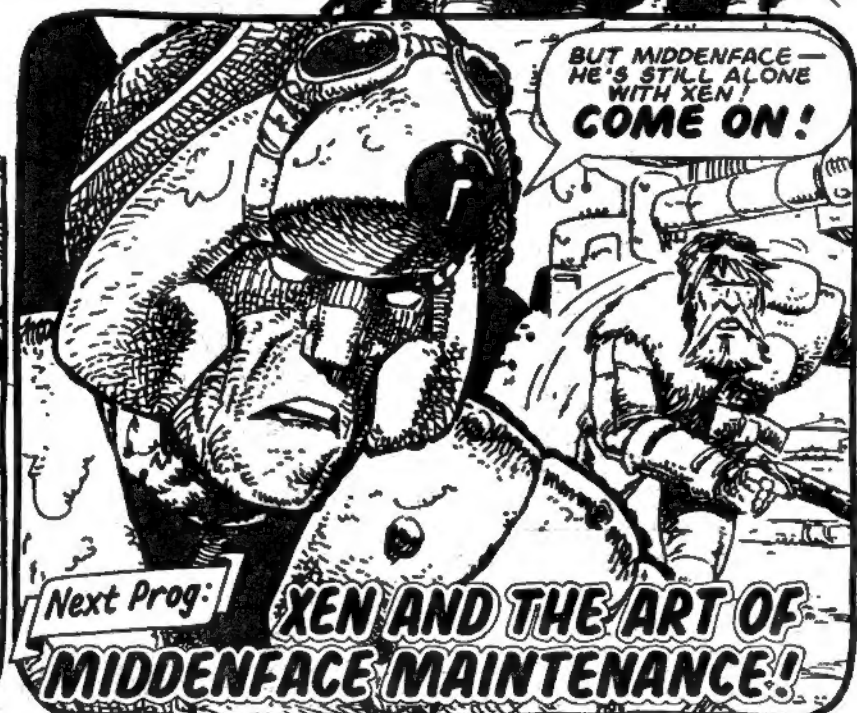
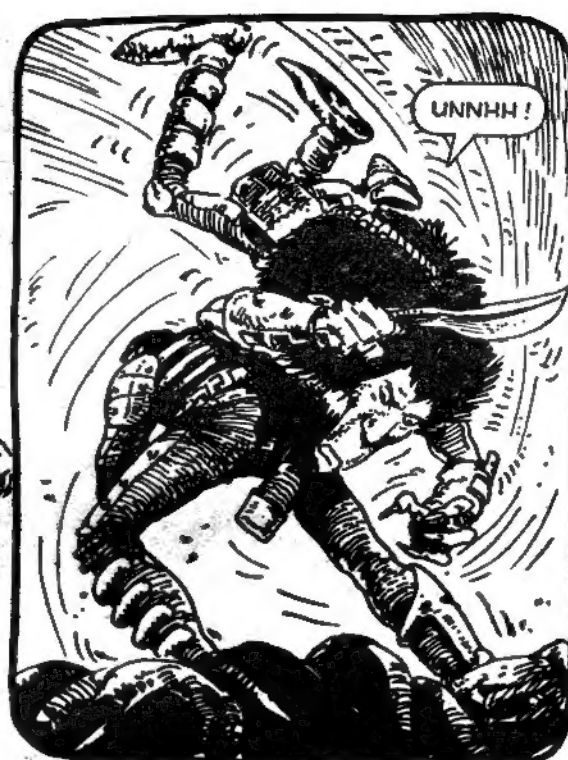


THE TIME BOMB HURLS THE CLIFF SECONDS INTO THE PAST...



BUT BY THEN
THE PLANET
HAS MOVED ON,
AND THERE IS
ONLY - VACUUM!





2000 AD STAR LASER SCAN



TOBY

the art of **MIKE McMAHON** STUFF

Mick McMahon is one of the most copied artists in comics, but is this fortnight's candidate a **swipe** or **coincidence**?

[left] McMahon art from "Umpty Candy", 1979
[right] Ian Kennedy's "99 Red", 1985

